

The second part of

the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falst. Well said master Scilens.

Scilens. And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a'th night.

Falst. Health and long life to you master Scilens.

Scilens. Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too th bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, bethrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, ile drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Dauy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might see you there Dauy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea sir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. Fy Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile stick by him sir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who s at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falst. Why now you haue done me right.

Scilens. Do me right, and dub me Knight, samingo: ist not so?

Falst. Tis so.

Scilens. Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

Dauy. And t'please your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes.

enter Pistol.

Falst. From the Court: let him come in, how now Pistol?

Pistol. Sir Iohn God saue you.

Falst. What wind blew you hither Pistol?

Pistol. Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

Scilens. Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barfon.

Pisto. Puffe: Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, sir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, and helter skelter, haue

I

Henry the

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring
den times, and happy news of pri

Iohn. I pray thee now deliue
world.

Pistol. A footre for the world
of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn. O base Assirian Knight
Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens. And Robin Hood, S

Pistol. Shal dunghill curs con
good newes be baffled? then Pist

Shal. Honelt gentleman, I ka

Pistol. Why then lament ther

Shal. Giue me pardon sir, if f
the court, I take it theres but two
conceale them, I am sir vnder the

Pistol. Vnder which King, B

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pistol. Harry the fourth, or fif

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A fowtre for thine offic
now is King: Harry the fifts the

Pistol. lies. do this, and fig me, lik

Falst. What is the old King c

Pistol. As nayle in doore, the t

Shal. Away Bardolfe, saddle n
choofe what office thou wilt in t

double charge thee with digniti

Bar. O ioyful day! I would
tune.

Pistol. What? I do bring goo

Falst. Carry master Scilens
lord Shalow, be what thou wilt,
thy boots, weel ride al night: ô s

Pistol. utter more to me, and wi

thy selfe good, boote, boote ma